

# HOW JOY AND GLADNESS CAME TO MRS. MAILLORY

It was Christmas Eve. The snow, which had been falling all day now turned to rain. The dreary drizzle lent a chill to the air.

Mrs. Maillory stood at her drawing room window, held back the dark velvet curtains and looked out on the silent avenue. There were few pedestrians in sight. Now and then a carriage came under the electric light, and the watcher at the window caught glimpses of the dainty raiment of the occupants as they whirled gayly past on their way to some Christmas festivity.

"Christmas festivity!" she repeated aloud, and her voice was low and tense and expressed her pent up scorn and weariness of the whole Christmas season.

She stood thus for a few moments, staring out into the night. The damask portiere was pushed aside with a quick, light motion, and a slim, neatly attired maid appeared in the doorway. Her eyes fairly danced with delight, and though she spoke with a demure dignity it was evident that something highly pleasing to her fancy was afoot.

"Does it please you that I come in now, madam?" she asked, with a quaint little accent that would at once mark her Parisienne—had her trim appearance not already done so. Mrs. Maillory turned slowly from the window.

"Yes, Janette, you may bring in—my Christmas gifts." There was a trace of irony in the last two words, but her manner was entirely haughty and indifferent. She crossed the room and sat in a large armchair of rare Italian hand-carved wood. The pale violet lamp screen on the table beside her shed a soft light, and the rose light from the great open fire caught a gleam now and then from the jewels on her fingers. It was a curious light, the combination of the rose and violet, but it was almost weirdly lovely. Mrs. Maillory was a beautiful woman—a stern, classic beauty. The folds of her black velvet gown fell about her in simple stately grace; her bare neck and shoulders gleamed white against the dark chair. Her hair was gray about the temples, and her deep dark eyes were at times inexpressibly sad. She was lonely, but she was proud, and none knew of her sad Christmas Eve. She had refused scores of invitations, and was keeping her Christmas Eve as was her custom, having her gifts brought to her there in the dimly-lighted drawing-room.

Her husband was keeping his Christmas Eve, as was his custom, in the great dense forest. Mr. Maillory was what the world calls an upright man—honored on the street, of a flint-like integrity in his business. His word was as good as a bond. He surrounded his wife with every possible luxury, excepting the one price-less luxury for which a woman would sacrifice all others—friendship and comradeship. These he reserved for a few old friends, men who had been through financial battles with him, who had shared his college frolics and studies.

That afternoon he had hurried in, gathered up his hunting traps and started off. He had given his wife a check—a princely sum—and said: "Just buy yourself a little trinket, Victoria, my dear, and have a nice time at the Van Arden's tonight."

"If he had only bought me a little something himself," she thought, sadly. "If it were only a few flowers!"

Janette came in, followed by a footman in gorgeous livery carrying a large number of little packages of all shapes and sizes. He came several times and arranged the packages as Janette directed. The maid was all little flutterings and happiness and fitted from this box to that

The maid placed the trinkets on the table for her mistress' inspection of her jewels that should have the power to give joy to any woman, but Mrs. Maillory looked at them indifferently, and toyed with them with her slender white fingers.

She frowned with displeasure as the maid laid before her a wrap of costly fur.

"My nephew should not have sent me this," she said sharply. "He cannot afford it. It was only because I gave them their wedding silver."

The maid did not hear this, for she was lost in raptures over a firmly matinee of real lace and hand-painted chiffon.

"Oh, the exquisite 'mouse,'" she cried, with more enthusiasm than knowledge of correct English.

Mrs. Maillory smiled little at the maid's quaint happiness in the gifts. She was rather fond of Janette and was often amused at the girl's extravagant expressions. Janette was a happy, care-free soul and always ready to cater to her every mood.

She ran to her mistress with a veritable little squeal of pleasure as she untied one box. It was a fine gold necklace with a butterfly pendant, frail, jewelled, delicate as a breeze. Mrs. Maillory read the card and her face turned pale.

"Cat!" she whispered.

The gift was from a woman whom Mrs. Maillory thoroughly disliked, and she had not tried to hide her feelings. The woman, through ambitions of her own, had persistently clung to Mrs. Maillory, and had used her name as the entree into many fashionable gatherings. As she looked at the jewel, Mrs. Maillory could have crushed its delicate beauty in her hand.

## MADONNA IN CONTEMPLATION.



The stately footman came into the room, the picture of shocked dignity. Janette was about to take the brown paper parcel which the footman held out stiffly before him, then started back with a little scream.

"The impertinence!" she cried. "What does this mean?" asked Mrs. Maillory, haughtily.

"A very ragged little girl left this awful package, madam. She insisted on its being given to you."

"Bring it to me."

The footman gave the crumpled bundle to his mistress.

"Misses Malry," was written in a round, childish scrawl. A strange feeling came over the woman.

"You may go," she said to Janette and the man, and the maid withdrew reluctantly.

When the hard knots of the string were finally taken off, Mrs. Maillory exclaimed in surprise. A little note, written in the same childish hand, was pinned to the curious pink cambric square. The note ran:

"Dear Misses Malry: You don't know me but you can to our house a wife ago and brot things when Jonnie the baby had mesles. You wuz good to us, and we like you. We wish you a mery Christmas. The thidg I made you is for your hankerchuf."

"MAMIE O'DONNELL."

"What does the child mean?" thought Mrs. Maillory in great surprise.

She remembered. The O'Donnells were on her charity list. She looked at the gift. It was a pink cambric square, the four corners turned back and tied with a ribbon. The stitches were large and uneven, the cambric was soiled and the ribbon old. She looked closely at the ribbon. It had been used, evidently as a hair ribbon. Suddenly a thought came to the woman—she remembered the day perfectly when she had brought ease and comfort to little Johnnie. The mother was away at work, and the little sister kept house and cared for

the baby brother. The child had showed this pink ribbon proudly to the visitor; her "Sunday ribbon," she told her.

The great lady fingered the soiled, gaudy piece of pink cambric and ribbon gently, almost reverently, and there were tears in her voice as she said softly:

"Her one treasure, her bit of a ribbon—she gave it to me—she gave it to me because it is Christmas."

With a sob that was half joy, half sorrow, she laid her head over on the queer, shabby little offering and wept away all the grief and lonely heart-ache, for in the gift of a little child she had found her real Christmas.—Boston Globe.



**A TOY TRAGEDY.**  
She came to please some girlie,  
From far across the sea,  
Her locks were dark and curly,  
A pretty doll was she,  
Her hair was like the raven's wing,  
With tendrils prone to curl and cling,  
They put her in a stocking,  
And coldly left her there,  
Between—oh, it was shocking!—  
A tiger and a bear.  
Of course, she spent a dreadful night,  
And Christmas morn' her hair was white,  
—Louisville Courier-Journal.



## Christmas 'Way Down South.

You hear dat fiddle's music—de clappin' of  
Dey beats de jubilation of de halleluia  
ban's!  
You hear dat flo' a-creakin'? En don' you  
hear de call:  
"Balance ter yo' partners, en swing yo'  
ladies all!"

Chris'mus times, good people!  
Heel en toe you lif!  
Yander come de white folks—  
Ketch 'em "Chris'mus Gif'!"

Who dat 'way off yander, rackin' down de  
road?  
De ole-time, gray-head deacon, wid a con-  
gregation load!  
De meetin'-house is empty—can't miss de  
Chris'mus chance—  
Dey muster heard de music, en dey comin'  
ter de dance!

Come in dar, you people,  
En swing aroun' de hall!  
Heel en toe, en rou'n' you go,  
En "Chris'mus Gif' " ter all!

De very backlog's dancin', en dey de red  
sparks go,  
En peit de ha'n's wid fire, whar dey moan-  
in' in de snow!  
Dey better take de road home, en hunt de  
holler tree,  
Fer dis here time is Chris'mus, en de  
fiddle's flyin' free!

Watch out fer dat mistletoe!  
Ketch you, I be bound!  
Kiss her fer dat "Chris'mus Gif' "—  
Swing yo' sweetheart rou'n'!

Come in—de whole plantation—en jine de  
dancin' feet,  
En glimpse dat peaceful 'possum—dat tur-  
key, brown en sweet!  
De table piled wid plenty!—come in, en  
take yo' place,  
En see de deacon smack his mouf en say  
amazin' grace!

Ain't dis halleluia  
Ter de soul er you?  
'Pears like Heaven come down ter airth  
En tell you, "Howdy do!"

Chris'mus times, good people! De: let de  
music roll!  
De snow come hide de medders, but de  
summer's in you' soul!  
Han's rou'n'—de ole Ferginny Reel! en let  
de shadders creep  
Like ghosts acrost de snowfl's—but we'll  
dance de stars ter sleep!

Chris'mus times, good people—  
B'es' time sence de fall!  
Glory halleluia,  
En "Chris'mus Gif' " ter all!  
—Frank L. Stanton, in the Saturday Even-  
ing Post.

## De Li'l' Tin Horn.

Sho' ez you bo'n,  
Dey gwine ter be fun wid de li'l' tin ho'n!  
En some folks'll growl, in de ol'-fashin'  
way,  
Kase it rouse 'em frowl res' at de breakin'  
er day!  
But de li'l' folks say dat dey never shill  
be-er—  
"Chris'mus des come once a year!"

Sho' ez you bo'n,  
Is dem ros'y-red regiments marchin' ter  
you!  
En de lines' er sights—en de purtiest, too,  
Is dem ros'y-red regiments marchin' ter  
you!  
Some folks, dey may growl, but de chillun  
don't kee—  
"Chris'mus des come once a year!"

## Christmas Eve.

For fear one wail, this winter night,  
Should lack a garment's fold,  
Bring forth far vesture, warm and bright,  
Lest the dear Christ-child go cold!

Nor let one hungry from your door  
Fare sorrowing unfed,  
The whitest loaf bring from your store,  
Lest the Christ-child faint for bread!

Hush mirth, to hark, this blessed eve,  
The wanderer's weakest cry—  
The homeless at your hearth receive,  
Lest the Christ-child pass you by!  
—Edith Hope Kinney, in Youth's Com-  
panion.

## Plum Pudding.

This is a good recipe: Crumble a small loaf of milk-bread and pour over it one pint of milk. Soak until soft, then add three well-beaten eggs, one cupful of dark brown sugar, one cupful of chopped and creamed suet with all the stringy substance removed, one pound of seeded and chopped raisins, one pound of currants, one-fourth of a pound of finely chopped citron, one-fourth of a teaspoonful each of cloves, allspice and grated nutmeg, and one-half teaspoonful each of cinnamon and ginger and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Boil four hours in a well-buttered mold. This recipe may be made in double the quantity, as it will keep for a long time. When ready to use, steam well until heated through. Decorate with holly sprigs. Serve with hard sauce, made by creaming one-third of a cupful of butter with one cupful of light brown sugar, and adding drop by drop, creaming it in, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Pile on a dish in a pyramid, and dot with candied cherries and blanched almonds.

## The Christmas Plant.

The poinsettia, or Christmas plant, as it is better known, is one of the most useful for Christmas decorations, the bright red of the flowers and green of the foliage giving the true Christmas colors. This season the plants appear lower than formerly, and consequently are better suited to table ornamentation. As a rule, from six to twelve of the plants come in one low, wide pot, which is often incased in a red basket.



Some people expect so much more than others.

## PRICE TO LIVE—EVERYTHING GOING UP.



—Cartoon by Gregg, in the New York American.

## GOVERNMENT TO INVESTIGATE THE INCREASED COST OF LIVING

Senator Crawford Calls on Secretary Nagel For a Conservative Statement of the Facts Regarding Advance in Price Necessities—If Data Fail, Inquiry and Remedial Legislation Will Follow.

Washington, D. C.—The alarming increase in the cost of living, due to the rapid and constant advance in the price of necessities, is to be investigated by the Government.

Senator Crawford, of South Dakota, has asked Secretary Nagel, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, for a conservative statement of the facts. Should the Secretary, from data in his possession, fail to give the desired information, Senator Crawford will press a resolution in the Senate, directing the Commissioner to investigate and report to Congress early, that there may be prompt remedial legislation.

Senator Crawford proposes to get at the bottom facts as to the advance in prices. There is suspicion in his part of the country that combination and community of interest have something to do with conditions that are alarming and fast growing intolerable. Senator Crawford is an opponent of all monopolistic trusts and corners in farm and dairy products.

Preliminary investigations show there have been no reports from the Commissioner of Labor on the costs of living, the advance in price of necessities and the value of labor since 1907. At that time a report was made that labor was not able to purchase as much as in previous years. The report was severely criticized by Republican statesmen, because a political campaign was about to open. An amended report soon appeared, and its comparisons, more exhaustive than in the first report, explained some of the most damaging statements previously made.

### Increased Cost 37 Per Cent.

Since 1907 there has been a sharp increase in the cost of living, and a gradual increase for a dozen years. In a special dispatch to The American from Trenton, N. J., it was stated by the State Board of Labor and Statistics that the cost of living in New Jersey has increased in thirteen years 37.13 per cent.

These facts have been brought home to a number of Senators by their constituents. The people want to know whether combinations and price arrangements have raised cost to consumers; what the farmer and the middle man get, to determine whether the margins of profit are too great. Senator Crawford will have little difficulty in getting his resolutions of inquiry passed.

Senator Bristow, of Kansas, believes combinations have something to do with the advance of the cost of necessities, but thinks that the desire for luxuries has more.

"The people have grown accustomed to luxuries," he said. "For years they got the best of everything at prices lower than now. When prices were advanced because of demand, they had to take the next best. The result has been a general advance of all grades of necessities. I believe the combinations have had much to do with it, but not all."

"When the wholesaler advances slightly, the retailer advances, and the more the advance reaches the consumer makes the general advance a burden on the wage-earner. I would like to know the relationship that exists in all cases or in large communities between wholesaler and the retailer. I have heard, but do not know, that in some instances the wholesaler controls the retailers and fixes the retail price."

"I do not think the tariff can be held responsible for these advances.

There can be no defense of the woolen schedules, no justification for the sugar tariffs except to insure perpetuity to the Sugar Trust.

### Opposes Investigation.

"I cannot see what good results would flow from an investigation of these conditions at this time," Senator Perkins, of California, believes the advance is due to the law of supply and demand, that production has not kept pace with the growth of population.

"Many years ago I was a cattle raiser," he said. "We got \$12 to \$15 for a steer. To-day that steer brings \$15 to \$50. I sold sheep at \$1.50 a head. They now bring \$5 for mutton. Wheat has sold at fifty cents a bushel; it is now more than \$1 in Chicago. The 'tile raiser on the wheat grower is a large percentage of this increase."

"Formerly the cities could be fed in large part by the product of surrounding territory. Now the necessities are demanded in such bulk that must be transported great distance. This increases the cost of the necessities."

### Cost to Go Still Higher.

That the cost of living soon will be greater than ever before, is indicated by the December report, just issued by the Bradstreet Company. The report shows that the prices of commodities to-day are within a fraction of the record.

Up to date the highest price known in this country for commodities was March 1, 1907. According to Bradstreet's table of index numbers, on December 1, this year, the level stood at \$9.1262. On March 1, 1907, the level was \$9.1293. This is the price of commodities to-day within a small fraction of one cent, of the highest record.

Bradstreet's report shows that theoretically, a man going to wholesale market place to purchase pound of each of ninety-six articles would have had to pay on December 1 of this year about \$9.1285. March 1 last like goods might have been purchased for nearly ninety cents less, while on December 1908, they were cheaper by cents.

Bradstreet's index number totals of the prices per pound of sixty-six articles, quarterly or monthly, which is used as a standard of comparison.

The groups that make up the numbers are set out in the following table, which shows the striking increase in the cost of living this as compared to last:

	Dec. 1, 1908.	D. 1907.
Breadstuffs	\$0.0979	\$0.
Livestock	.3275	
Provisions	2.0603	
Fruits	1.607	
Hides and leather	1.1825	
Textiles	2.3653	
Metals	.5881	
Coal and coke	.0063	
Oils	.3637	
Naval stores	.0633	
Building material	.0804	
Chemicals, drugs	.6379	
Miscellaneous	.2744	
Total	\$8.2133	\$

The report shows that price continue to move upward. If the rate of increase continues to be a matter of only a short time, the highest prices ever will be recorded for all kinds of commodities.

### \$120 a Year From Government You're 65 and Don't Marry

Washington, D. C.—"An home guard bill" was introduced by Mr. Wilson, of Pennsylvania. It provides that a soldier or sailor who has served over sixty-five years of age, and who has resided in the United States for five years and had been for fifteen years not possessed of an income in excess of \$120 a year, may be enrolled to receive \$120 a year, to be paid Mr. Wilson is a labor man



In a perfect whirlwind of joy. This was a rare treat, opening Madame's Christmas gifts.

"Oh, they are so many!" she cried. "I do not know which one to open first."

Gift after gift was held out to Mrs. Maillory, but she looked at each indifferently and sometimes impatiently. They were all given from a sense of duty, she knew that. Climbers on the social ladder wished to be her friends, that they might through her influence open the closed doors of society. Those in her own set liked her as well as women who live for fashion and society are capable of liking one another. Charity organizations courted her favor, for she was always ready to respond to their calls. Unlike many of the women of her acquaintance, she went personally to the poorer quarters, and aided the wretched poverty there.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring—not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.



- CHRISTMAS MENU**
- Olives
  - Oyster Soup
  - Roast Turkey
  - Baked Macaroni and Cheese
  - Stuffed Peppers with Rice
  - Boiled Onions
  - Tomato and Lettuce Salad
  - French Dressing
  - Christmas Molluscs
  - Fruit Pudding
  - Hard Sauce
  - Nuts
  - Coffee
  - Raisins
  - Celery
  - Crackers
  - Cranberry Jelly



- Christmas Eve (Children)**  
(Before Christmas Tree)
- Chicken Broth with Rice
  - Bread Sticks
  - Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches or Bread-and-Orange Marmalade
  - Jelly Sandwiches
  - Lady Fingers
  - Springerle
  - Ice Cream
  - Cocoa